GENIUS.

Far out at sea the sun was high,
While veered the wind and flapped the sail;
We saw a snow-white butterfly
Dancing before the fitful gale—
Far out at sea.

The little stranger who had lost
His way, of peril nothing knew;
Settled awhile upon the mast,
Then fluttered o'er the waters blue—
Far out at sea.

Above there gleamed the boundless sky,
Beneath the boundless ocean sheen;
Between them danced the butterfly,
The spirit-life in this vast scene—
Far out at sea.

Away he sped, with skimmering glee,
Dim, indistinct, now seen, now gone:
Night comes, with wind and rain, and he
No more shall dance before the sun—
Far out at sea.

[illegible]s, unlike his mates I ween;
Perhaps not sooner nor worse crossed;
But he hath felt and known and seen
A larger life and hope, though lost—
Far out at sea. R. H. HORNE.

GEORGIA SKETCHES.

IV.

A REVEREND REPROBATE.

For The Sunday Tribune, by a Resident of Georgia.

"*Good* ebenin', Mars' Gordon; how's your health dis ebenin', sah? An' dis de little lady, sah? Yes, ma'am, good ebenin', ma'am. Yes, ma'am, I'm Nelly's husban', ma'am. I been a wantin' to see Mars' Gordon's wife eber sence I heerd he done cotch one; an' Nelly, she talk so much 'bout Miss Jasmin, ma'am. I do reely, reely, ma'am, feel so tankful to you, yes, ma'am, for dem little pills you give my wife to cure her toothache, ma'am. She tink dere ain't nobody like Miss Jasmin, sah. Nelly say: 'Pa, I b'leeve Miss Jasmin's pills could cure your headaches, I reely do b'leeve it, ef anything can,' she say. Yes, ma'am, Nelly talk so much 'bout you—"

"Well, good evening, George, you are keeping Mrs. Alexander standing," Gordon said, impatiently waving the wiry little colored man off, and helping me into the buggy. "No, Jessica, don't speak to him"—in an undertone—"good night, George—Wall"—leaning back in his seat with an air of resignation, "come here, George, Mrs. Alexander wants to say something to you."

"Only to ask you if you won't ask Nelly to bring in my washing early to-morrow," I said, leaning across Gordon's knee to speak to the man, still rubbing his hands, squirming, and smirking on the sidewalk. "And I will send you some medicine for your head by Nelly, George, if she can tell me exactly how it troubles you. You have a very nice wife, George; I hope you will do all you can to make her happy."

"Yes, ma'am, I tries to do so, ma'am. She *is* a nice gal, ma'am—*good* ebenin', ma'am," for Gordon had touched the horse with his whip and we were off.

"Jessica," my husband said, "the less you have to say to George Tomkinson the better I shall like it, my little missionary. It is all very well to doctor Nelly, and lecture Diana, and teach Kernanny manners, but I do *not* like to see your benevolence manifesting itself toward that slippery knave."

"He has not a good face, has he?" I said. "I shall not do any more for him than I think I ought to, Gordon,—I don't like to look at him. But didn't he say his wife called him 'Pa'? And they have no children."

"She does call him so, I believe. He has brought Nelly up from her babyhood, and she always called him what his first wife's children called him. When she was still a mere girl he married her, his wife having died. It is a great shame Nelly is tied to him, for she is a capital woman—the best servant mother has ever had, faithful, honest and good-natured."

"But what does he do that is dreadful, besides smiling so?"

"He is a negro preacher, Jessica, and he has about six 'wives'; he is one of these smooth, oily, humble negroes, who will do more villanous things in a day than you will find out in a year. Let the subject drop, wife—it is nauseous. Don't puzzle your little head about such things—I see a dozen question marks puckered up in your forehead now—not a word not a word more, shall you get out of me, to set you pondering."

The next morning about ten o'clock Nelly, the washerwoman, came in with her basket on her head, and her green checked sunbonnet tilted over her eyes. She always looked neat and tidy, and unusually seemed good-natured and as full of interest as a child in whatever I was doing when she came—cake-making, sewing, or anything else. To-day I had a large illustrated paper open on the table, and she did not so much as look at it, or say, "Please 'm, Miss Jasmin, do tell me what dem folks is doin'." She commenced quietly taking the clothes out of the basket, without saying a word or taking off her bonnet, but even under its shade I saw her pretty youthful face, looking ill and wan.

"Nelly, are you well to-day?" I asked.

"Yes 'm, pretty tol'able, 'ceptin' a sort o' mis'ry in my head," she said.

"A—what, Nelly?"

"De mizzury, Miss Jasmin," she said, slowly. ("Misery" means ache or pain with a negro.) "It ain't much. Here's all but fo' towels an' a sheet, Miss Jasmin, dat blowed off' de palin's into de mud, an' I'll try an' wash 'em over an' bring 'em a Monday, ef I live."

"Nelly, are you in trouble?" I asked. "You look as if you had a misery, sure enough. Does your husband ever beat you, Nelly?" I suddenly inquired, with a misgiving that George Tomkinson was at the bottom of this.

"No 'm, he ain't whipped me for more'n two years. Pa hasn't," Nelly said, calmly. "I ain't got nothin' to say 'gainst Pa, Miss Jasmin. I never does, now days. Ef you say a word 'gin Pa, I don' care ef t'was to de bes' frien' you got, it will git back to his ears. He know every word you say an' more too, shore's you do it."

"He wouldn't know from me, Nelly," I said. "You know he wouldn't. And if there is anything I can do to help you, you ought to tell me all about it."

Nelly stood, twirling her bonnet in her hands, for she had taken it off now. She was a pretty, slender young woman of about five-and-twenty, with regular features, a low, pleasant voice, and a docile, grateful disposition. Gordon's mother had known her always, and said Nelly was without a fault so far as she knew, except that she was foolish to live with her husband.

"Is it true, Nelly," I said, plunging at once into *medias res*, "that George has other wives besides you?"

"No' m, Miss Jasmin, dat ain't so. Folks gives Pa a bad name when dey says dat. I'm all de wife he got, an' we's been married goin' on six years—eber sence Matildy died, dat was his wife. Folks say Pa's got four wives, kase dar's fo' of us dat wuks for him. Lars me, an' Susan, his fust wife's daughter, we's two; an' dars Anna, she ain' no manner o' kin to us, but Pa he took her to live wid us, an' she gives him all she make, an' he gives her clo'es an' boards her; an' dars Sissy, a mighty easy, good girl, she helps Anna like Susan help me, an' Pa promised her mother to pay $5 a month for Sissy, dough I donno's he does it: an' Pa's mother comes to see us sometimes, but dats all."

"And does he have all the money that you all make, Nelly?"

"Yes'm, dat he do. He know whar' eve'y nickel en it go to. Anny she gives him eve'y cent; but she's a high-sperited 'oman, an' she'll quar'l wid him; she's got a worse temper 'n he has, an' she throws it up to him 't he's a preacher, an' dat makes him hop!

"He'n me don' quar'l. Men-folks is so cu'ros, I never say nothin'; he gets mad an' goes off 'n leaves me all night sometimes, but I won' quar'l, Miss Jasmin; I'll cry before I'l quar'l.

"Folks will talk 'bout him an' Anna. Pa's mother, she can't bear Anna. She ain' got no use fer her. She tells me, she don' see how I lives, an' I say, 'Well, ma, I don' know anythin' 'cepten' dat de Lord is above; an' I say it can't last forever; an' all things has deer time.' An' she say—"Well!" An' she say I got a mighty good heart; an' I say, 'I is'; I don' say nothin'; I might cry an' grieve all de time, but I don't; an' Ma she say, 'Gal, you mus' pray.' An I just go on an' lives along; an' I works hard; yes'm, I do; an' if I ain' got no shoes, nor no clean dress, I goes an' carries back de clean clo'es to de white folks at night, an' slips along de back ways, an' nobody don' see me.

"I ain't like my mother. She never stood no foolishness from nobody. She whipped George twice account o' me. She thought I was a piece o' gold. She's dead now; all my folks is dead.

"No'm; she wa'nt no bigger'n me; nor she wa'nt as strong as he was; but she beat him bad." Nelly laughed as she spoke.

"Why did she do it?" I asked.

"Well, you see, Miss Jasmin, 'twa'nt long arter I was married; an' Pa he kep' a night-school den; an' dey wa'nt no good in dat, you know dey wa'nt; but I didn' know nothin' them days. I was brung up right roun' my ole Miss' skirts; our white folks thought a heap o' me. I was comin' home alone dat night, comin' back fum carr'ing clo's to town, an' it got dark, an' I was skeered to keep on alone, an' I went to de school an' waited outside fer Pa to come home wid me; I didn' know dar was a gal dar he was a-noticin' 'roun'; an I waited, an' waited, an' set still an' let all de others go by; an' by'm bye he come out an' he tole me to go on home; an' dar was a creek to cross, an' I was skeered, it was so late—mos' 'leben o'clock—an' I begun to cry, an' he took a hickory stick an' begun to whip me over de head an' han's an' face, an' hit me in one o' my eyes, an' I cryin' an' hollerin' an' beggin'. He didn' know any man saw him, an' I didn' know it, but dar was a man standin' off an' he saw it all, an' he went off an' tole my Ma. An' when I got home she let me in, an' she ast me where George was? an' why I was so late? an' what was de matter wid my eye? and I tole her a story; yes'm, I did; I tole her a bee stung me; and she kind o' turned off an' laughed an' didn' say nothin'. An' next day my han's was all riz an' scarred up, an' my eye, an' mamma she never say nothin'. An' at night, Miss Gasmin, she went off to his school, an' she went in, an' she just jumped on him like a wild cat, an' she beat him good-fashion. He never struck her a lick. Yes'm, she beat him before all de school. My brother, he come along behin' her, 'cause he knowed she was gwine to beat him, and if he'd tried to fight, I 'spec' he'd a lit in too. La, Miss Jasmin! I reckon if she was a livin' now she'd a killed him an' Anna, bof on 'em, long ago, an' been in de chain-gang by dis time!"

The earnest, unmirthful way in which this last remark was made checked my impulse to laugh at it. After all, it was poor Nelly's utmost of sentiment and her one imagination of protecting power.

"But, if I were you, Nelly, I would not live in the house with Anna if I had good reason to dislike her so," I said.

"Well, we ain' in de same house now, Miss Jasmin, dough dar ain't but a palin's diffrunce twixt us. Yes'm, next door; a palin's diffrunce, an' she do eat wid us. But she gives Pa all she make, an' he fixed it so.

"I ain' seen nothin' to say 'gin Anna. I don' say nothin' o' what she is *now*; but she *was* bad; she has separated two men an' deir wives, an' de wives is bof dead, Miss Jasmin. She lived wid a man once dat kep' her like she was white! He even put out dat nigger's washin'! He kep' a store, and gin her a store to keep; an' eve'y Monday mornin' she had five dollars to go to town an' trade wid; an' his wife jes' a settin dar an' cursing' at her! Dat man's gone away since his wife died, an' he sent Anna $25 to come to him, an' she jes' took de money an' spreed aroun' an' spent it; an' he sent her $15 to send his daughter by his first wife to him, an' she kep' dat too, an' frolicked on it; Joanna never seed it.

"She set up next door to me not long ago, an' I had a good stove dat I paid $15 for, an' Pa, he said, we'd all been workin' together an' she ought to ha' sompin to show for it, an' he tole me to gi' her dat stove an' he'd git me another, an' I gi'n to her, an' gi'n her half de dishes, an' half o' eve'ythin'. No'm, he ain' never got me none yet.

"She's a big *sporty* woman, 'bout ginger-cake color, a *leetle* brighter 'n me. No, she *ain't* han' some, she ain' got a tooth in her head! She's got one son, mos' grown—a white boy. His gran' mother keeps him up; his gran' mother sen's him home from Gainesville four dollars mos' eve'y week, an' keeps him at dis yer college here.

"No 'm, Miss Jasmin, I ain' got nothin' to say 'gin Pa. No 'm, I can't leave him; he wouldn' like it. Lots o' white folks would ha' me, for I kin work hard. But men folks is so cur'os. Pa, he thinks I ought to live jes' so. He say he won' be watched an' followed, an' dough I'm his wife, I'm no better 'n any other 'oman if I do dat; he say so; an' he say I shall stay home an' keep quiet an' do as he say. I tell him sometimes he's mighty hard!

"Well, I mus' go home. I been away a long time. I sat by de road awhile. Jes' studyin'. Somehow I couldn' fix up my min' ever to go home agin. But *you* ain' had no trouble; you donno how it is. You feels turned away fum goin' home. He's got dar long ago. He'll tell Susan I stays a long while at Alexanderses. No'm, I ain't afraid o' him. He ain't beat me in two years. He won' do nothin' to me; but he's got such a bad temper; he don' think nothin' o' beatin' an' bangin' aroun' when he's mad, Miss Jasmin. Men folks is so cur'os."

She took up her basket and pulled on her sunbonnet. She had spoken without a trace of anger or of tears; her voice was mournful, gentle, and entirely hopeless, but she smiled when I gave her an apple, and went away down the road singing a hymn in a very cheerful way; while six-year-old Kernanny in the kitchen was loudly caroling:

"O, nobody knows the trouble I see.
Little children,
Nobody knows the trouble I see!"

THE NETTLE.

From Leisure Hour.

It thrives in meadows where the daisies grow,
In woodland depths where slanting sunbeams fall,
In the grand lordly park and paddock small;
'Neath hawthorns where the children maying go,
On sunny slopes where summer flowerets blow.
It flaunts itself upon the garden wall;
By quiet footpaths, in old hedgerows tall,
And ways where busy feet pass to and fro.
Evil and good mingle mysteriously;
There is a taint upon all mortal joy;
Sunshine and shadow, gold with base alloy
It must be so, 'tis Heaven's high decree.
Unmingled good: oh, aspiration vain!
Where pleasure blooms, there grows the nettle pain.
JOHN ASKHAM.

A STORY OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

From Notes and Queries.

At a dinner party one night I sat next to the late Mr. Charles Landseer, who told us among other things, that his brother Sir Edwin was once looking at his own pictures in the South Kensington Museum, and, seeing some dust on one of them, leaned over the barrier and wiped it off with his handkerchief. Instantly the policeman on duty was upon him. "What are you a-doing of," said the force, "a-touching that there picture?" "Why," answered Sir Edwin, smiling, "I've often touched it before!" "Have you, though?" cried the indignant peeler; "then more shame for yer!—you come along wi' me!" And he walked off the unresisting painter to the officers of the Museum, who, of course, recognized the culprit and condoned his offence.

THE AMIABLE PIUTES.

PRINCESS SARAH WINNEMUCCA'S REMINISCENCES.

From The Inyo Independent.

The Piutes name their infants after the first object that attracts the infant's attention; hence Sarah's beautiful name—Sonometa—the shell flower, the first object she noticed.

Fremont's company were the first white men the Piutes had ever beheld. Sarah remembers peeping round her mother to get a glimpse of them. A wise old fellow pronounced them "Giant-owls with hair on their faces." This caused such consternation among the sons and daughters of the forest that they fled in terror.

They carried the pappooses till overcome by fatigue, when the mothers resorted to an original measure for securing the safety of their offspring. They scooped hollows in the abundant sand, and, laying the babies in these hollows, covered them with sand up to their faces, arranged a shade of willows over their heads and left them with the parting injunction to keep quiet. Sarah says, "and we did remain quiet until the next day," when the fleeing party, recovered from its fright, returning to "dicker" with the "hairy-faced owls," took the babies out of their sand beds. Fremont's visit to this camp resulted in Sarah's grandfather, who had abdicated in favor of her father, accompanying Fremont to Mexico, and finally in her whole family finding their way to California and civilization.

Upon his return from Mexico, "Grandfather" Winnemucca brought with him an old gun, a bright tin plate, with opposite holes through the edge and strings tied through these holes so that it might be worn as a hat—of course, this made a very flat hat—and a world of knowledge contained in four words of English which he had learned.

On gala days Winnemucca brought out these treasures for exhibition. He first allowed each brave to tie the hat upon his head and ride out on his pony where all the multitude could see. This ceremony completed, the plate was returned to its owner, who, seated on an elevation with his gun across his knees, talked English to them for two hours, usually by repeating over and over the four words he had learned, which I must tell you to the shame of Fremont's men, were: "G—d d—n good gun." Before their demoralization by the whites Sarah thinks the Piutes were a devout people. It was a religious custom among them to immerse their infants, sometimes breaking the ice to perform this ceremony, and no matter how cold the water, she avers it never injured the most delicate infants.

LORD BROUGHAM'S ODD NOSE.

From The Leisure Hour.

When I was a young man, my avocations led me frequently to Lincoln's Inn. I would drop occasionally in at the Chancery Court, and have a look at Lord Brougham as he sat leaning backward, with his eyes closed, listening to the endless droning and drumming of the lawyers mouthing, or rather mumbling, their interminable pleas. At first sight his lordship appeared to be asleep, but a close inspection would show you that the muscles at the tip of his nose were in a state of rapid and continual agitation. There was no motion of the nostrils, not the least, but an unceasing vibration of the small muscles terminating the organ, reminding me strongly of a captive rabbit nosing at the wires of his hutch. Having once remarked it, I naturally looked for it at each opportunity, and never missed seeing it save when his lordship was visibly occupied with the business before him, either questioning counsel or witnesses or addressing the court. Of course he was not asleep as he lay back with closed eyes; indeed, it was well known that at such times he was wide awake, and thoroughly mastered the business in hand. Though his lordship's accomplishment, if it was one, is by no means common, it is not so rare as might be supposed, and I believe that many persons possess and exercise it without, so far as one can judge from observation alone, being conscious of it.

IN AN IRISH CHURCHYARD.

From The London World.

Amongst these graves where good men lie,
Mute, ozier-bound, in dreamless sleep,
Above whose heads the browsing sheep
And careless painted butterfly
Pastures and sports in Summer grass,

Brown as the blasted Dead-Sea fruit,
As banned to barrenness and dearth,
Behold yon patch of rusty earth,
Whereon no turf has taken root,
No Summer shadows flit and pass.

Whilst here, a garden neat and trim,
All fuchsia-fringed and pansy-starred,
With gilded gateways locked and barred,
And double-daisies for a rim
Surrounds a tomb, with foot and head

Guarded by angel-forms that weep,
In marble from Carrara's mines,
Whilst Fame a laurel-chaplet twines,
And golden letters, graven deep,
Blazon the honors of the dead.

He died as clarions smote the air
To tell of vict'ry and renown;
They brought him to his native town,
Near which the lands and lordships were
That owed him fealty in the west.

She died in those despairing days,
Bowed down by all the grief she had,
And only that they deemed her mad,
They buried her by no cross-ways,
And drove no stake into her breast.

She sleeps beneath yon rusty peat,
Withered as by avenging fires;
Amongst the noblest of his sires
He lies with angels at his feet,
And golden gates to keep secure.

And 'twixt the two, all ozier-bound,
Half melted into mother-earth,
Scarce two feet long, by one in girth,
A little nameless baby-mound
Pleads for the sins of rich and poor. V. F.

ADAM SMITH ON DR. JOHNSON.

From The Corsair.

The following is quoted from the recital of a person who heard it from Adam Smith: "One anecdote, I remember, he told me of Dr. Johnson, of whom Smith entertained a very contemptuous opinion. 'I have seen that creature,' said he, 'bolt up in the midst of a mixed company, and without any previous notice, fall upon his knees behind a chair, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and then resume his seat at the table. He has played this freak over and over, perhaps five or six times in the course of an evening. It was not,' Smith observed, 'hypocrisy, but madness. Though an honest man himself, he was always patronizing scoundrels. Savage, for instance, whom he so loudly praises, was a worthless fellow. His pension of £50 never lasted him longer than a few days. As a sample of his economy you may take a circumstance that Johnson himself once told Adam Smith. It was, at that period, fashionable to wear scarlet cloaks, trimmed with gold lace, and the Doctor met him one day just after he had received his pension with one of these cloaks upon his back, while at the same time his naked toes were breaking through his shoes.'"

PERSONAL PECULIARITIES.

From The Leisure Hour.

About forty years ago I had a lad in my employ who had the habit when unexpectedly spoken to of pricking up his ears in so decisive a manner as to remind one of the ears of Press or of Tray when suddenly called. Marie Louise, the second wife of the great Napoleon, was in the habit of amusing the ladies of her court at their private soirées by turning her ears almost completely round, and in a manner closing them up. She did this by a peculiar motion of the jaw, and she is said to have prided herself on the exploit not a little.

A man I knew well wore an enormous shock of raven hair, and would allow himself to be lifted by the hair from the ground by any one who was strong enough to do it, and to be swung to and fro like a pendulum, or to be dragged along the floor.

The faculty of sleeping at will was one of the endowments of the first Napoleon, who it is said could sleep any length of time, long or short, and awake at the time, almost to a minute, he had resolved upon.

Among the muscular movements not common, I have noticed several instances of persons who could throw back the four fingers of either hand until they stood quite perpendicular to the back of the hand and wrist. Other instances I have seen, though but a few, of persons who can project the lower joint of the thumb almost into the hollow of the palm. In neither of these cases is the use or the ordinary symmetry of the hand at all affected. Of left-handed people we have all seen many, and they abound among the working classes; but of the artibandist, or both-handed, that is, of persons who could do everything with either hand, as well with one as the other, I have known but one in the whole course of my life. This was an orphan boy who had had no parental care, but had been left almost to himself from infancy. Quick, active, and sharp-witted, he had taught himself many things tolerably well, could draw fairly, could play the fiddle and the flute, and wrote admirably and with unrivalled rapidity with either hand.

There are many persons who, from causes they can never explain, have a repugnance, almost amounting to horror in some cases, for certain animals. The French General Junot, who was as cool as a cucumber amidst a storm of bullets, and would face the cannon's mouth unmoved, would take to his heels at the sight of a live frog, and would not recover his equanimity for hours.

I have known a man who could not touch mutton, however cooked, while he would eat heartily of any other meat. Some there are in whom the thought of eating hare or rabbit excites loathing; some who would starve rather than eat shell-fish of any kind; and there are not a few to whom butter and cheese are abominations. Others are equally prejudiced against certain vegetables, but why or wherefore they can never tell you.

THE FOOD OF THE DANES.

From London Society.

The Danes mostly make a substantial breakfast about 10 a. m., and dine at 3 in the afternoon, the cravings of hunger being subsequently allayed with schnapps, beer and slices of brown bread and butter, covered with a piece of smoked salmon or some similar delicacy. Every true Dane delights to begin the day with a basin of "ölbrodsuppe," composed of black beer and cream, with slices of brown bread floating therein. It is said to be very nutritious. The strangest compound of which it ever became our lot to partake was called "Kumpsuppe," and was composed of milk, rum and preserved cherries, made hot and whipped into a froth. At a dinner commencing with such a dish, it may be supposed that it was a difficult matter to choose what to drink, and the after consequences may be imagined, but need not be described. Several Danish dishes look more peculiar on the menu than they do upon the table; for instance, "Forloren Skildpaddle" (mock turtle), "Røget Gaasebryst" (smoked goose-breast), etc. The proverbial honesty of the Danes shows itself on the tariffs in the restaurants, where "Lafitte" figures at 3 francs per bottle, "Real Lafitte" 14 francs, and so on.

A VIENNESE ROMANCE.

From a Letter to The Globe.

The following notice, which this week appeared in all the papers, will interest those who can recall the sayings and doings of Vienna society of a few years back: "Died on the 12th, at Grussbach, the Frau Anna Kammel, noble of Hardegger, *nee* 'Reichs Countess' of Hardegg, of Grussbach, etc." The deceased was the heroine of a romance which at the time caused a stir and excitement amongst the *beau monde* of the capital such as has not been witnessed before or since. The proverbial "blue blood"—whatever that may be—of the aristocracy, and the vulgar red liquid flowing in bourgeois veins were in those days separated by a still wider interval than they are at present, and if now and then a young "Adeliger" so far forgot himself as to offer his hand to a bourgeoise, the opposite case, viz.: a noble lady accepting the hand of a commoner, was a thing quite without precedent, and not even contemplated. How great was then the general consternation when young Countess Hardegg, the belle of Vienna's *haute volée*, the richest heiress, and—as the name shows—of the bluest of blue blood, fell head over ears in love with—my pen almost revolts at having to write it—her footman!

Bootless were the protests of her half-distracted parents, and in vain did her other relations wring their hands. The young Countess was just twenty-one, she was very determined, and Joseph Kammel, the footman—oh, terribly low-sounding name!—held tight her heart. They married. The proud Reichsgräfin became vulgar. Mrs. Frau-Kammel and the couple retired to one of the bride's country estates. All her parents could do was to petition the Emperor to grant the noble suffix "Edle von Hardegg," so that their daughter's gentle birth should not be at least lost sight of. The pair lived ever afterward in seclusion, and took pains to let it be known how happy they were. So great was this ostentatious thrusting forward of connubial felicity that one cannot help doubting if the assertion did not cover a world of regret and repentance, which "blue blood" was too proud to acknowledge. *Chi lo sa?*

"BERLIN UNDER THE NEW EMPIRE."

HOW THE CITY LOOKS THROUGH MR. VIZETELLY'S EYES.

From The Pall Mall Gazette's Review.

As pictured in this book the city is the fitting headquarters of Heine's "Tartuffe among Nations," the true capital of the brand-new iron-handed, brazen-headed Empire of craft and force. Its appearance is ostentatious and unprepossessing, pretentious and unattractive, garish and yet not brilliant. To the Viennese it is the "Sandbox of Germany," to its own people it is the "Athens of the Spree." To the world at large the sandbox quality of Berlin is a great deal more apparent than the Athenian; and it has withal a mingled flavor of brutality and science, of pride and vulgarity, of poverty and annoyance, peculiar to itself, and giving it a place apart among cities. Apparently, it is built of solid stones; actually it is a town of stucco and plaster. Apparently, it was designed for the use of trade and society; actually, it is arranged for a military despotism and with an eye to the prompt suppression of revolution.

Apparently, it is universally educated, exceptionally intelligent, abnormally prosperous, preternaturally pious and obedient, content to be the centre of a grand military system; actually, its roughs are the worst in Europe, its press and its theatres are paltry and corrupt, its misery is excessive, it is a headquarters of political and theological scepticism, it numbers some 60,000 male Socialists alone among its population, apparently it is supplied with all kinds of modern improvements, and governed and ordered on the purest modern principles; actually, it abounds in open debauchery, its roads are scandalously bad and comfortless, its stenches are as gross and multitudinous as those that Coleridge counted in Cologne.

It is almost needless to add that every second person in Berlin is spectacled. Youth glances amorously at beauty through one pair of glasses, and beauty returns the message coyly through another. The Prussian Cupid is not blind, but only short-sighted. Possibly this is the reason why he should be the keen hand he is at a bargain. Of course Berlin is not withal a healthy city. Mr. Vizetelly confidently expects it to be one of these days the prey of a tremendous epidemic. There seems to be no money to spare on such a commonplace matter as sanitation. Sewers are useless from a military point of view; and not a penny of the £21,000,000 Prussia received as her share of the Five Milliards could be spent on anything wholesome.

The Berlinese are extremely thrifty. They live cheaply, an officer's dinner costing him no more than ninepence or a shilling; and as they have a hard struggle to make both ends meet, economy takes very severe shapes. Add to this that they are divided into castes, which castes are themselves divided into sections, which sections in their turn are subdivided into cliques, and it will be seen that the difficulties in the way of social intercourse are many and great. The Emperor is the All-Highest; and after him in a genteel diminuendo, reminding one of the Mouse's Tale in "Alice in Wonderland," his anxious subjects troop. Mr. Vizetelly professes to have seen a card inscribed with the style and dignity of the Royal Sweeperess of the Apartments; and declares that "a shopman or domestic entering the service of a grocer who during the whole course of his career has by some chance or other once supplied the Royal Palace with a pound of coffee, will be compelled to address his master on every occasion as Herr Hoflierant—Purveyor to the Court." And then every male is privileged to extend the style he bears to his female, and it is etiquette to address them both by it in full. It will be noted how admirably the Emperor's well-known principles of Divine Right and the Authority of Kingship have come to caricature themselves. What is most Prussian and lamentable of all is the little regard that, with all this straining after the shadow of birth and authority, is paid to good manners and even common decency. Your Prussian, says Mr. Vizetelly, is the most impolite of men. He may sentimentalize devotedly with a lady, and quote pages of the hyperbolical rhetoric of German erotics to her; but he will not stir to open a door for her, or hand her a chair, or assist her with her cloak. Of the salon as it exists in Paris, of the drawing-room as it exists in London, Berlin knows next to nothing. Either its visits are purely formal, or its meetings are manifestations of the caste spirit, and of little interest to anybody who is unattached to a particular group or a particular section. Sometimes Berlin dines sociably; but Mr. Vizetelly declares that Berlin cooks badly and fares poorly. On the whole, this author is clear that society in Berlin is not only dull in itself, but singularly well qualified to be the cause of dulness in any one who gets into it.

It is to be noted that Mr. Vizetelly is shockingly ungallant to the ladies of Berlin. He looked at them in vain, it appears, for a single classical nose; he is impolite enough to insist that in Berlin beauty has always big feet; and he declares that in dress she is garish or she is dowdy, or she is both. Of the 50,000,000 gallons of beer, moreover, that are Berlin's annual brew Beauty consumes a fair share. To the click-click of her knitting needles she assimilates alike the music of Beethoven and the flatteries of her suitors; the comic songs of Helmerding and his imitators, the vows of aspirants to her little fortune and her fair large hand. Mr. Vizetelly has noted her in the Thiergarten, sumptuously apparelled and conversing with generals and counts; has viewed her eating peas and gravy with her knife, as all good Prussians do, and the outcome of his studies is that she is not disposed to number himself among her admirers. Indeed, he seems to think that there is not much that is truely admirable in the Prussian capital; unless, perchance, it be its zoölogical collection and its fire-brigade. Perhaps he may be a little prejudiced; but whether he is historical or picturesque, didactic or reflective, epitomizing the career of Bismarck or the Red Prince, or noting the manners and customs of the Berlin rough, he is always worth listening to; for he always speaks in such a tone as to convince you that he is speaking honestly, from competent observation.

MOORLAND MOSSES.

[This dainty bit of description is from Wordsworth's poem of "The Thorn," which Mr. Matthew Arnold has strangely omitted from his recent collection. Perhaps it was in sympathy with Lord Jeffrey, who once characteristically described this poem as one in which a woman in a red cloak goes up to the top of a hill to say, "Oh, Misery!" and then comes down again.]

And close beside this aged Thorn
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colors there you see,
All colors that were ever seen;
And mossy network, too, is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been;
And cups the darlings of the eye,
So deep is their vermilion dye.

Ah me! what lovely tints are there
Of olive-green and scarlet bright,
In spikes and branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white.
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss
Which by the Thorn you see,
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,
Is like an infant's grave in size,
As like as like can be:
But never, never, anywhere,
An infant's grave was half so fair!

BRETON PARSIMONY.

From The Cornhill.

Jean, our farmer, is worth at least 20,000 francs, or £800, no mean sum for a working-man even in England, yet his one desire is to increase his store, and he never dreams of procuring any Winter comforts. His is not at all a special case, although he is dying in a rapid consumption. Two years ago the doctor told him that he must give up exposing himself to cold and damp or he would soon die; yet he has not given up, and as a consequence he is dying. A few days ago I heard that he was very ill in bed, spitting blood, so I paid him a visit and found him very bad indeed. His room was wet as wet could be; it had no curtains, the front door was wide open, the fire a few hot coals of wood, which were kept there to be blown into a flame when needed for cooking or farm purposes. He had no medicine, no special food, but was living like the others on black rye bread and buckwheat galettes or pancakes. I told him how ill I thought him in the presence of his wife, and in the night he alarmed her by vomiting blood, so that she came to me in the morning crying, and asking what she ought to do for him.

I told her to get him warmth, meat, soup, and other comforts, and she went just as far as this: she bought two pounds' weight of *white* bread. When this white bread came home, her mother (Jean's mother-in-law), who lives with them, went into a passion and sulked all day long, as she declared that it was wild extravagance. You must know that for days I had sent him soup, meat, and pastry from my own table, partly because I felt that he must have help at once, and partly because I could not bear to see the man dying before my eyes from sheer want, for he could not eat the ordinary coarse food, and took nothing at all. They received all my gifts almost without thanks, and never stirred hand or foot to get anything for themselves until the day when Yvonne bought the white bread. Well, on that day when her mother was raging, she came crying into the kitchen, and told my *bonne* how she was tried. The *bonne* told me at once, and protested that I ought not to keep on sending food to a rich man, who was a miser and surrounded by two miserly women, when real poor might be stretching out their hands for help. I replied that I had never refused to help any real poor yet, and that I intended to continue my help to Jean, notwithstanding his miserly behavior, as I could not see a man die of want while I had enough. But I told her to scold Yvonne well, and to tell her that she ought to do her duty by her husband, and if necessary turn her mother out of the house, especially as she was a rich woman and well able to keep a home of her own. Now mark Yvonne's reply: "Ah, I can't do that, because my husband may soon die, and then I shall want my mother's help." Mark, I say, this reply,—its utter selfishness, and say is there any real depth, any real worth in such characters as these? I think not.

The weather changed and Jean has for a little moment got better, but he cannot live many months; already he has been out in the rain, and in a few days will be in bed vomiting blood again. When very bad indeed, his wife besought me, as I was going to the doctor ten miles away myself, to ask for some remedy to stop the blood-spitting of Jean. I did so, and explained also the condition of the house and family. The doctor, who is a very clever fellow, told me that he knew them all well, and that there would be a very evil day for Yvonne soon. I said, "Will the man die very soon?" "Yes!" said he, "but that is not the evil day I mean; there will be a far more unhappy day for her when she comes to me after he is buried to *pay my bill*."

HOW COBBETT LOOKED AND TALKED.

From the Memoirs of Dr. Robert Blakey.

Mr. Cobbett is now in his sixty-seventh year. He is above six feet high, stout made, of a plump, ruddy countenance, and has a most winning and engaging smile. His hair is as white as the driven snow. His whole appearance is of the most engaging and gentlemanly kind. He is a singularly abstemious and temperate man; never eating anything after dinner, with the exception of a little bread to his tea. He avoids spirits, wine, ale, porter. His dislike to all these things is so great that he will not sit down in a room where they are used. His common drink is a little skim milk. He goes to bed at 8 or 9 o'clock, and rises by 4 or 5 in the morning. He keeps an amanuensis, and dictates all his *Weekly Register* to him. Mr. Cobbett stayed with us all night, and was early up this morning writing. We had some extremely interesting topics of conversation through the course of the day. With respect to what he said on politics I will relate nothing, as the substance may be found in his works. He told me the plan of his intended new work, to be called "The Poor Man's Bible," which will be prefaced with an essay on Infidelity. He is a firm and sincere believer in the Divine inspiration of the Scriptures, and professes to believe in all the doctrines of the Episcopal Church of England, whose form of worship he thinks the best. I was particularly pleased with the extent of his knowledge with respect to the external history of Christianity. He had read, apparently with great care and attention, all the works of the most eminent of the Christian fathers, and frequently quoted Justin Martyr, St. Chrysostom, Ambrose, and St. Augustine. He expressed to me in strong terms great dislike to those reformers who reject the Scriptures; and he observed that, as far as his experience in life went, he had always found that such persons were at the bottom very conceited, and not unfrequently profligate and immoral in their behavior; and, above all, he always found them very disagreeable companions, and avoided their company as much as possible. He is particularly hostile to Unitarians, and maintains they are only Deists at bottom.

WED.

From Poems by Hugh Conway.

White-robed she comes, my love, my own,
Yet purer than the robe she wears;
White flowers she holds, the fairest known,
Yet sweeter than the flowers she bears:—
So white, so sweet, yet I could seek
And find, beneath that white veil hid,
Love's hue upon that gentle cheek,
Love's light beneath that long-fringed lid.

Clash out, brave bells! Ring far and wide,
And laugh the piping birds to scorn.
Fair kinsmen, kiss the bonny bride,
She wanders far with me this morn:
And if her eyes are dim with tears,
I grudge them not their tender rain,
My love can chase the misty fears
And kiss the sunshine back again.

A PAINFUL MISTAKE.

From The Globe.

M. S—— had been elected mayor of his commune, and was able to celebrate his nomination, inviting the Sub-Prefect, at that moment on a tour of inspection, to dine with him. Immense preparations were being made for days before the dinner, so as to receive the representative of the Republic with becoming dignity. Madame would not trust to her own domestic arrangements. She secured the services of a first-class maitre d'hotel, who was to come over and wait at table in black, with white tie, gloves, etc. The auspicious moment arrived, but not the major domo, on whom the mistress of the house had counted. Like Sister Anne, she stood watching the road, hoping that the man would arrive before her guests. The Prefect came, and was received with great ceremony. About ten minutes afterwards the side door leading into the house from the courtyard opened, and gave admission to a stranger in black, orthodox white tie, etc. Madame rushed forward to meet him, and, thinking he was the missing butler, chided him for having kept them all waiting. To her intense displeasure he offered her his arm, begging to be excused for the delay which had occurred, and thanking her for having come out to meet him. She lost her patience, thrust him into the dining-room, pushed a table napkin under his arm, told him the other servants would come and help him, and enjoined him, when all was ready, to throw open the folding doors and announce the dinner.

The stranger, who had no time to put in an explanatory word, took the napkin mechanically, while the lady flounced out of the room, thinking things had come to a pretty pass when servants presumed to offer an arm to their mistress. The bewildered stranger waited patiently until Mlle. Victoire, who had been told off to assist him, came into the room dressed in her very best. He asked her to open the door of the salon, and announce him as secretary to the functionary in honor of whom the dinner had been organized. Victoire obeyed, and when the company had their eyes fixed on the open door, the secretary, remembering his lesson, came forward and announced that the dinner was ready. Madame's confusion may be more easily imagined than described. She beat a hasty retreat, leaving her husband to make suitable apologies, but she has been heard to tell her intimate friends that the mistake was quite comprehensible, as no one would ever have imagined that such a common-looking person as the secretary could ever have held a responsible position.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

It would seem that the claim of ladies to elect members of Parliament is not altogether a novel one, and moreover that the claim was more easily substantiated three hundred years ago than now, as the following extract from the parliamentary writs preserved in the Rolls Chapel may indicate:

"To all Christian people to whom this present writing may come I, Dame, Dorothy Pakington, lord and owner of the town of Aylesbury, send greeting. Know ye, We, the said Dame Dorothy Pakington, to have chosen, named, and appointed my trusty and well-beloved Thomas Lichfield and George Boredon, esqs., to be my burgesses of the said town of Aylesbury; and whatever the said Thomas and George, burgesses, shall do in the service of the Queen's Highness in that present Parliament to be holden at Westminster the 3rd May next ensuing the date hereof, I, the said Dame Dorothy Pakington, doe ratifie and approve to be my own act as fully and wholly as if I were or might be present there. In witness whereof to these presents I have set my seal this 4th day of May, in the fourteenth year of our Sovereign Lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, etc."

The lady's dates are somewhat vague; but the names of "Thomas Litchfield and George Burden, esqs.," figure in the list of members for Aylesbury in the Parliament of 1571 (both names being differently spelled). Thomas Lichfield was the son-in-law of the energetic Dame. Her second husband, Thomas Tasburgh, was member for Aylesbury in 1584. Another Thomas Tasburgh, probably his son, sat in 1596 for the borough; and Sir John Pakington, Bart., sat in 1640. The family appear to have retained influence in the county until Sir John Pakington, in 1802, sold the manor of Aylesbury to the Marquis of Buckingham, grandfather of the present Duke. This Sir John Pakington was the uncle of the present Lord Hampton.

A JOLLY WEDDING.

From The Globe.

In Central America is a country called Towka, and without doubt the Towkans, whatever else they may be, are the jolliest people in the world at a wedding. They appear to be such an ignorant race as to be unable to keep record of the age of their children, except in a manner somewhat similar to that adopted by Robinson Crusoe with his notched post for an almanac. The Towkans, however, do not notch their children. They hang round their necks at birth a string with one bead on, and at the expiration of a year they add another bead, and so on, the main object being seemingly that there may be no mistake when the young people arrive at a marriageable age. When a girl numbers fifteen beads she is marriageable, but the young man must possess a necklace of twenty before he is reckoned capable of taking on himself so serious a responsibility. But the wedding feast is the thing.

The invited guests assemble on what answers to our village green, and set in their midst is a canoe, the property of the bridegroom, brimming with palm wine, sweetened with honey, and thickened with crushed plantains. The drinking cups are calabashes, which are set floating in the fragrant liquor, and seated round it, the company fall to—a mark of pol[illegible]ness being to drink out of as many calabashes that have been drank out of by somebody else as possible. It should be mentioned, however, to the Towkan's credit that his bride is not present at this tremendous drinking bout, or, rather, boat. She remains in her parents' hut, and when her intended has finished with the calabashes he takes his whistle of bamboo and his "tom-tom," which is a hollow little log, tied over at each end with bits of leather, and, seating himself at the door of the dwelling of his parents-in-law in prospective, he commences to bang and tootle sweet music, until the heart of the tender creature within is softened, and they let him in.

DECEMBER SNOW.

From "Village Voices."

I.

The cold, cold snow! the snow that lies so white!
The moon and stars are hidden, there's neither warmth nor light:
I wonder, wife—I wonder, wife,—where Jeanie lies this night?

II.

'Tis cold, cold, cold, since Jeanie went away;
The world has changed, I sit and wait, and listen night and day;
The house is silent, silent, and my hair has grown so gray;
'Tis cold, cold, cold, wife, since Jeanie went away.

III.

And tick! tick! tick! the clock goes evermore,
It chills me, wife,—it seems to keep our child beyond the door;
I watch the firelight shadows as they float upon the floor,
And tick! tick! tick! wife, the clock goes evermore!

IV.

'Tis cold, cold, cold!—'twere better she were dead,
Not that I heed the Minister, and the bitter things he said,—
But to think my lassie cannot find a place to lay her head;
'Tis cold, cold, cold, wife,—better she were dead!

V.

The cold, cold snow! the snow that lies so white!
Beneath the snow her little one is hidden out of sight,
But up above, the wind blows keen, there's neither warmth nor light.
I wonder, wife,—I wonder, wife,—where Jeanie lies this night!
ROBERT BUCHANAN

THE AUTHOR OF "MR. SMITH."

From The Literary World.

It was said on the appearance of her first complete book, "Mr. Smith; a Part of His Life," which was published about five years ago, that the "L. B. Walford" on the title page was a non-de-plume, as the author was a sister of the unfortunate Sir James Colquhoun, of Luss, who had been drowned in Loch Lomond shortly before. This was not the case, Mrs. Walford being the daughter of the late baronet's next brother (who is now heir presumptive to the title and estate), and in 1869 she was married to Mr. Alfred Saunders Walford, a member of an old Essex family, and now settled in Cheshire, near Liverpool. She thus writes under her own married name, Lucy Betnia Walford. Beginning early to write, her first short tale appeared in *The Sunday Magazine* (edited then by the late Dr. Guthrie), and was entitled "The Merchant's Sermon." This was in 1869, and in the following year it was reprinted and enclosed in a small volume with three others. "Mr. Smith; a Part of His Life," next appeared, in the Autumn of 1874, published by the well-known firm of William Blackwood & Sons. It was followed by "Pauline" (which first ran through *Blackwood's Magazine*) in 1877, and lastly by "Cousins" in the present year.

Shorter sketches also have from time to time appeared in Blackwood, and have been reprinted in the new series of the "Tales from Blackwood." Tales of more religious tendency have come out during the past year in "Life and Work," a religious magazine with an enormous circulation. In her writings Mrs. Walford aims to fill the gap between literature of a directly profitable or instructive nature, and trash. The love of field sports and capacity for describing them, to be found in Mrs. Walford's writings, may be traced to her father ho being the well-known author of "The Moor and the Loch," a standard book on such subjects, while her four brothers are also ardent sportsmen. Water-color drawing is a favorite indoor pursuit of hers, and she exhibits occasionally in different academies, but the calls of authorship, society, hospitality, and home duties (Mrs. Walford has four young children) do not leave much time for this or other arts. A new novel is, however, now in hand, and divers short sketches will appear throughout the coming year.

THE REASON OF BIRDS.

From The Spectator.

May I tell you a few facts to prove that birds can be, like their human friends, both reasonable and unreasonable? 1. Several years ago a pair of my canaries built; while the hen was sitting the weather became intensely hot. She drooped, and I began to fear that she would not be strong enough to hatch the eggs. I watched the birds closely, and soon found that the cock was a devoted nurse. He bathed in the fresh cold water I supplied every morning, then went to the edge of the nest, and the hen buried her head in his breast and was refreshed. Without hands and without a sponge, what more could he have done? 2. The following Spring the same bird was hanging in a window with three other canaries, each in a separate cage. I was sitting in the room, and heard my little favorite give a peculiar cry. I looked up, and saw all the birds crouching on their perches, paralyzed with fright. On going to the window to ascertain the cause of their terror, I saw a large balloon passing over the end of the street. The birds did not move till it was out of sight, when they all gave a chirp of relief. The balloon was only within sight of the bird who gave the alarm, and I have no doubt he mistook it for a bird of prey. 3. I have a green and a yellow canary hanging side by side. They are treated exactly alike, and are warm friends. One has often refused to partake of some delicacy till the other was supplied with it. One day I had five blossoms of dandelion; I gave three to the green bird, two to the yellow one. The latter flew about his cage, singing in a shrill voice, and showed unmistakable signs of anger. Guessing the cause, I took away one of the three flowers, when both birds settled down quietly to enjoy their feast.

AN ARTFUL DODGER.

From The Standard.

I once knew an old fellow, Billy W., who confined himself to a particular species of trickery for many years, until, indeed, he retired from active life to take the command of a lodging-house of his own. He was a little tight-limbed fellow, with a face perfectly innocent of whisker. Looking at him in his ordinary attire, when the day's work was over, there was no telling his age, which might have been anywhere between thirty and sixty for aught that could be seen. Billy would go out about 10 in the morning, dressed in a suit of shabby black, looking the picture of genteel poverty. Getting into a busy quarter he would involve himself in a crowd of rushing vehicles, and tumble under the wheels and the horses' feet as if knocked down. He was little and lithe, and so adroit in this particular performance that he could—and did a thousand times over—go within a hair's breadth of destruction without sustaining any more damage than he wanted, as a bleeding nose, a crushed hat and a few rents in his garments. These last, it may be remarked, were prepared beforehand, so that a certain number of seams were always sure to be open on very slight provocation indeed. Billy would be hauled out of his predicament quite exhausted and helpless—a pitiable looking object in fact—and be carried to the nearest tavern. Here he would receive a restorative, and revive when the crowd was thickest to tell some affecting story of family distress, the thought of which urging him along the streets, oblivious of their perils, had brought about his accident. Sympathy being thus excited, a collection would be made, and Billy would limp off, when not sent home in a cab, very much the better of his disaster. Three hours later he would repeat the performance somewhere else, this time in the guise of an elderly woman; and once again, as night grew dark, in the character of a newsvender, or something of that sort. His "make ups" indeed were infinite, and included all sorts of imitations, from that of the seedy preacher down to the shoe-black and flower girl.

MRS. TOM SHERIDAN'S GENTLENESS.

From "The Life and Correspondence" of "Monk" Lewis.

Mrs. T. Sheridan is also here at present, very pretty, very sensible, amiable and gentle; indeed so gentle that Tom insists upon it that her extreme quietness and tranquillity is a defect in her character. Above all, he accuses her of such an extreme apprehension of giving friends trouble (he says) it amounts to absolute affectation. He affirms that when the cook has forgotten her duty, and no dinner is prepared, Mrs. Sheridan says: "Oh! pray don't get dinner on purpose for me; I'll take a dish of tea instead;" and he declares himself certain that if she were to set her clothes on fire, she would step to the bell very quietly, and say to the servant, with great gentleness and composure, "Pray, William, is there any water in the house?" "No, madam; but I can soon get some." "Oh! dear, no; it does not signify; I dare say the fire will go out of itself."

ACCIDENTAL ASSURANCE. — Stern parent—"Now, Tommy, you haven't looked at this! If you make one more mistake I shall whip you!" Tommy—"I thought you never whipped us for accidents, mamma!" S. P.—"Well, sir!" Tommy—"Well, I make mistakes by accident!"—[Fun Almanac.